



Alone



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Chapter 1 by Ayesha Rashid

The day of the dead is a day that I will never forget. No matter how much I try to erase it from my memory, I cannot seem to remove the haunting feelings. This day is the reason my family left me on my own in the middle of the streets. I will never forgive those of the dead that came and made my life upside down.

Many people have had no family. But, my family? They are still out there and I know it. They left me when the dead struck so they wouldn't have to worry about me. But, I know that once in awhile, they stop to think about what I am doing.

I try to survive with just \$50 even though I know that it won't last me long. I survive in the hope of having to be with my family again. But, it is really hard to do so when it's Christmas. Everyone has a tree and a family to open presents with except my family.

One Christmas evening, I heard crying near a garbage can in the alley and saw that it was my brother. My 9 year old brother with my 12 year old sister! My brother had gotten \$200 from my parents and my sister with \$50. We decided to work as a family and look for my our other 2 siblings and our parents. We had \$300 altogether and decided to use it as a family.

After about 1 month, we realized that we were soon going to run out of money. Me and my sister had to take part time jobs. We went to supermarkets and worked there while our brother would put on a show on the road and earn money that way. Each day, we'd have about \$20. We were saving up for a car or a minivan. We thought about a house but those are really expensive. My sister and I also needed another charger for our phones so at least we could try calling mom and dad but they never answered.

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